

THE NEW NORTH.

VOLUME 15, NO. 39.

RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN, THURSDAY, NOV. 18, 1897.

TERMS—\$1.50 IN ADVANCE

The Place to Buy Your BOYS' WINTER CLOTHING —is at— FENELON'S

Boys' Sweaters, for.....48 cts.
" " very heavy.....98 cts.
Boys' Suits.....1 25 to \$4 00
" Heavy, all wool Reefers, very
handsome.....\$4.48
Caps, Gloves, Mittens, German Socks, Rubbers,
and Overshoes, everything to keep a boy warm.

Our Dry Goods, Gents' Fur-
nishings, Groceries, and all kinds
of supplies are sold at prices that
are right.

The New Idea Fashion Sheet Free.

C. M. & W. W. FENELON

Cor. Brown and Davenport Streets.

Study This Question.



line of lumbermen's supplies, horse goods and saddlery
goods. We have the celebrated A. C. Staley underwear and
overshoes. Nothing better. Nothing so good. Nothing
nearly so good. Full line of winter foot wear. You can't
buy cheaper anywhere else. You can't buy as cheap.

SPAFFORD & COLE,

RHINELANDER,

WIS.

Marinette O. Rhinelander O.

A gentlemanly lot of boys were the
football players from Marinette.
They arrived here early Saturday
morning after a tiresome ride, and,
although having reason for feeling
cross-grained and crabbed, con-
ducted themselves like gentlemen and
won the good opinion of all. They
had the appearance of being a husky
lot, capable of receiving harsh treat-
ment and of giving it in return.
Their average weight was about
fifteen pounds heavier than the home
boys and there were those who
shook their heads and looked upon
defeat for Rhinelander as highly
probable. The team had abundant
reason for confidence, having tied
Green Bay in a 0 to 0 game a week
before, that eleven being considered
about the strongest in this section.
The day could not have been more
favorable and was just the sort for
an exciting game.

The two eleven's gathered on the
field shortly after two o'clock, and
the game was called at 2:30. Rhine-
lander won the toss and chose goal.
There were no favors, the wind being
very light. Marinette took the ball
and kicked to Rhinelander's 4 yard
line. Rhinelander fumbled the ball
and in the scrimmage that followed,
Marinette fell on it. Both teams
then lined up, and Marinette was
successful in carrying the ball to
within 18 inches of Rhinelander's
goal line for first down. At this
critical moment the name of the ex-
citement was reached. The specta-
tors were simply crazy, mad with
expectation, and shouted like fiends
incarnate. Three attempts through
the line for the much coveted
goal wound up by a loss of the ball
to Rhinelander. "Snaker" Meikle-
john, who captained the home team,
then signaled the ball to "Old Re-
liable" Dimick, who went through
the line for a gain of two yards, then
"Buffalo Bill" Bonnie went through
Marinette's left tackle for three yards
more. "Pink, the Currier," popped up
next and went through the same
tackle for two yards. "Cannon Ball"
Grant then went around left end for
two yards. "Center Pole" Tuttle
then hit the line for two yards.
"Rock Pile" Woodcock then went
through left tackle for another two
yards. At the next line up "Snaker"
Meiklejohn carried ball around right
end for a gain of thirty yards and
the immediate danger to Rhine-
lander's goal line was over. The
ball changed hands several times
during balance of this half and time
was called on the half with ball in
Rhinelander's hands.

The second half was opened with
the kick-off by Meiklejohn to Marin-
ette's left half back who was downed
almost in his tracks. The ball
changed hands a number of times
during this half. "Moose" Weiger
carried the pigskin for a pretty gain
of four yards on one occasion.
"Star Center" Reed did his usual
stroke of business. "Sore Tackle"
Martell caught this man several times.
The catching of the ball and the
dodging of "Never Muff" James was
a feature of this half which ended
with the sphere within Marinette's
15 yard line when game was called,
with the honors even.

The work of Atkinson, left tackle
for the visitors, was a feature of the
game.

Warren B. Bullock, manager of
the Lawrence University eleven, and
Sam T. Walker, of this city, acted as
referee and umpires for the game
and their decisions were eminently
satisfactory. The gate receipts were
\$88.50, the expenses \$134.50, leaving a
shortage of \$46.00, a tax on the mem-
bers of the guarantee fund of \$1.65
each, which was paid without a
murmur. If 50 cents had been
charged instead of 25 for admission
the game would have paid its own
expenses.

Thanksgiving Day will probably
witness the last game here this year
when either Wausau or Merrill High
School teams will play our High
School team.

A Splendid Lecture.

One of the best lectures it has been
the privilege of a Rhinelander audi-
ence to hear was listened to Tuesday
evening at the M. E. church, when
Dr. J. P. D. John spoke on "The
Worth of a Man." The church, al-
though not packed, was comfortably
filled and the interest taken in his ad-
dress was unmistakably shown in the
countenances of his hearers. As a
powerful and eloquent talker Dr.
John ranks with the first in the land.
His defense of the Gospel and the ex-
istence of a Supreme Being was mas-
terly and convincing. The advent
of Dr. John in a community, if only
for one evening, is decidedly for the
good of its people.

GRAY'S THANKSGIVING SALE.

An early cut in prices on account
of an overstock in every department.
This will be a general clearing sale.
We calculate to make prices never
before heard of in Rhinelander. The
knife will go deep in every line. You
know what we mean when we say
that, and you know we never say
what we do not mean. Come to this
sale and you will not be disappoint-
ed. Dress goods will be sold regard-
less of profit. Silks will be sold in
the same way. Underwear we will
give you surprisingly low prices on.
Hosiery will be sold at prices you
never heard of. Table linen and nap-
kins, Crashes, Blankets, Quilts, all
kinds of notions, Ladies', Misses' and
Children's Shoes—everything going
at cost.

These are some of the prices: Dress
print, 15 cents per yard; Whitesaker
flannel, 5 cents per yard; Unbleached
cotton, 2 1/2 cents per yard; Ladies'
fleece winter vests and pants, 15 cts.
This sale will begin Saturday morn-
ing, Nov. 20, and continue two weeks.
IRVIN GRAY.

Right on the Scent.

An amusing story comes from
the Buckatoba logging camp of
Langley & Alderson, two prominent
woodsmen figuring in it. While
making a trip from one camp to the
other, George Langley, accompanied
by Tom Himes, struck an Indian
trail through the woods. Scarcely
had they started along the trail
when one of the men grabbed the
other and pointed to the ground.
From the appearance of mother
earth just at this point fully twenty
deer had passed and the tracks were
apparently fresh. Both men carried
rifles and Tom asked George what
they would do with them all. They
started after the supposed venison,
each man figuring that he could kill
ten deer. The tracks were followed
for about two hours when they
rounded up at the camp, much to the
surprise of the hunters who had been
walking on their tiptoes holding their
breath for two hours, thinking every
moment would bring them within
range of the animals. The hunters
entered the camp and told their
story to Owen Ryan who laid down
upon the floor and shouted with
laughter. When he got his breath
he told the wondering men that he
had brought in a drove of hogs from
one of the other camps the day before,
and that they had been following
pork instead of venison. It is said
that Mr. Langley and Mr. Himes re-
sisted early after listening to the
explanation.

Crushed His Skull.

The remains of Walter Mitchell, a
young man twenty-six years of age,
were brought in Monday night from
Stephen Ketner's camp, near the old
Sierwright homestead. Mitchell's
head had been crushed to a pulp by
a falling tree about four o'clock.
Walter and his brother Peter were
cutting timber. They had sawed
through a tree and both stepped
aside, but in opposite directions. As
near as can be learned the dead man
was struck by a limb which was
broken off by the fall of the tree they
had cut through. Death must have
been instantaneous for the skull was
completely shattered. The two
young men came here about two
weeks ago from Kaukauna, and both
obtained employment with Langley
& Alderson at the camp above men-
tioned. They were good workers.
The body was brought to Hilde-
brand's undertaking rooms and was
shipped to Kaukauna Tuesday noon,
the brother accompanying the re-
mains.

Died From His Injuries.

The mangled body of Edward
Jones, a young man twenty-one
years of age, was brought to St.
Mary's Hospital from Heafford
Junction Tuesday forenoon. In at-
tempting to board a moving freight
train at that station, the young man
had slipped and fallen beneath the
wheels. One leg was crushed close
up to the groin. Upon arriving at
the hospital he asked the doctors to
go ahead and amputate his mangled
limb. Chloroform was administered
but the faint flutterings of the in-
jured man's heart prevented the
doctors from performing the opera-
tion. He was kept as easy as pos-
sible until death came to him at three
o'clock in the afternoon. Before
dying he stated that he was born in
Liverpool, England, had been in the
United States but a few months and
that his home was in Bellville, Ont.
His people were notified.



A Cut in Cloaks at Gray's

We bought a little too freely in medium priced cloaks
and now we are going to give you the benefit of an over-
stock. It is not often that we cut the price of our gar-
ments at this time of the year, but there is no use in talk-
ing, we have too many.

We have a Cloak and a fairly good garment
too, that sold at \$3.47. It is cut in the latest style and is
extremely well made. We have marked them \$2 50.

There is also a Line of Jackets that sold at
\$4.98. They come in browns and blacks, beaver and
boucle cloth, all fly front, some trimmed with velvet pip-
ing, some plain. They are a good line of cloaks and will
be sold at \$3 75.

The Next Line of Jackets sold at \$6.50.
They come in plain boucle and trimmed kersey. We
have marked them \$4 95.

We have One Line of Jackets that sold at
\$7. They are black boucle, trimmed with beaver cloth
and buckles. These we are going to sell at \$5 45.

The \$8 50 Jacket comes in English curl and
plain goods and would ordinarily have sold for \$10.00.
These go at \$6 50.

Then Comes the \$10 00 Goods, and will
say that we don't believe you ever saw a nicer line of
jackets at \$12.50. We have too many of them and in
order to close them out have marked them \$7 95.

Collarettes.

We have a few Collarettes Left and
will give you the profit on them if you will take them off
our hands.

A 10 in. Electric Seal Collarette nicely
lined with silk, large star collar, sold at \$6.95, reduced to
4 95.

A 10 in. Electric Seal Collarette beautifully
lined, large star collar, hard to tell from genuine Alaska
seal, was \$10.00, now 7 50.

A 12 in. Electric Seal Collarette large
storm collar, a beauty and no mistake, regular \$15.00
goods, now 10 95

A 12 in. Gray Krimmer Collarette silk
lined, large star collar, sold at \$18.00, now 13 50

12 in. White Marten Collarette with large
collar, beautifully lined with silk. This Collarette is cheap
at \$18.00, but we have marked it 13 50

IRVIN GRAY.

DEPENDS ON UNCLE SAM.

Canada Is Anxious for Some Agreement on Many Questions That Cause Friction.

SHERMAN AND LAURIER HAVE A TALK.

**The Two Premiers Find Themselves
in Accord on Many Important Top-
ics Bearing Upon Future Relations
Between the Two Countries—Reci-
procity Treaty in View.**

Washington, Nov. 12. — Secretary Sherman and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the premier of Canada, Thursday afternoon began the first of a formal series of conferences for the purpose of bringing about an agreement by which as many as possible of the questions now causing friction between the United States and the Dominion of Canada may be amicably adjusted by treaty or otherwise. These conferences will be independent of the Behring sea seal fisheries conference, which was the immediate occasion for the Canadian premier's present visit to Washington. Among the causes of friction between the two countries is the question of the rights of citizens of either to pursue

sue business callings in the territories of the other, and the tariff question. The conference Thursday afternoon was brought about by a note which Secretary Sherman sent to Sir Wilfrid Laurier asking him if it would be convenient to the latter to meet the secretary in the afternoon, the Canadian premier responding in the affirmative. The conference accordingly began at 1:20 p. m. in the state department.

In Accord on Many Points.
Secretary Sherman and Sir Wilfrid were together for two hours. It can be stated on authority that the discussion was devoted to the consideration of the many important questions affecting the general relations between the United States and Canada. In such a discussion the secretary of state and the Canadian premier found themselves in much accord. Secretary Sherman has long fostered the most cordial relations

between the United States and Canada having been while in the senate out of several resolutions in that direction. Sir Wilfrid has been the conspicuous exponent of the same view in Canada. It was realized on both hands, however, that the discussion now opened was one which could bring immediate results, as many of the border controversies are of long standing and the practical difficulties were in the way of settlement. The purpose, however,

to develop ways and means for dealing with the numerous questions relating to both countries, namely, border migration, reciprocity, fishery rights, the railway bonding privileges, etc.

been fixed between Hon. John W. Benson, who is specially delegated by President McKinley to conduct reciprocal negotiations, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Canadian premier, and Sir L. Davies, minister of marine. The result of the long and friendly conference held Thursday between Secretary Sherman and Sir Wilfrid, meeting will be held during the privilege of the Canadian officials.

Miss Lincoln Elmore.
Chicago, Nov. 31.—Miss Jessie

coln. daughter of Joseph M. Hunt and granddaughter of Abraham coln. eloped Wednesday from the of her parents, 60 Lake Shore with Warren Beckwith, a young of Mount Pleasant, Ia., and at Milwaukee the pair were made man and Then the bride returned alone to home in time for dinner, and the course of the evening told what she course. The match is in opposition wishes of Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln.

Hanged.

Danville, Va., Nov. 12. — E. Hanksins (arbit), 25 years old,

changed in Chatham at 2:25 p. m. today for the murder of Dr. John Cabell, a prominent citizen of Da. Hankins killed Cabell on the farm, 25 miles from here, June 1.

Helps Mexican Shipping
Washington, Nov. 12.—The president has issued a proclamation suspending the collection of discriminating duties upon Mexican shipping, satisfied that proof having been given him that discrimination is practiced against lean ships in Mexican ports.

Fullman—Gagley's Engagement
Chicago, Nov. 12.—Formal announce-

ment is made of the breaking engagement of Mr. George M. F. and Miss Felicie Oglesby. It is declared that (his was not the result of the disinheriting of the Pullman by their father.

Lincoln Is Chosen.
Chicago, Nov. 12.—Robert F. is acting president of the Pullman Car company and will enter a selection for president is made was decided at the special meeting of the directors Thursday.

Now Up a Train.

Hatcher, Nov. 12.—The Morgan
 unit and detached a train from
 Fort, and the engineer, firemen
 and other persons were killed.
 Soldiers and passengers were
 whipped by Hatcher.
 Oakwood, O., Nov. 12.—Edith
 Roberts, sisters, aged respect-
 ively 12 and 15 years, were terribly whip-
 ped and feathered by white
 boys.
 Clinton, Ill., Nov. 12.—Am-
 gardner, a farmer, dropped at
 Millville, this county, of his
 estate.

Suggestions Made by the Wisconsin Historical Society.

The Organization of Local Societies Advocated to Call Out Pioneer History—Military and Literary Features.

The State Historical society has issued the following open letter to the people of the state concerning the observance of the semi-centennial anniversary:

"To the Citizens of Wisconsin: The fiftieth anniversary of the approval of the act of congress admitting Wisconsin to the federal union will occur upon Sunday, May 25, 1898, and the fiftieth anniversary of the territory of Wisconsin will occur upon Tuesday, June 1, 1898. The first election of state officers upon Tuesday, June 1, 1898.

"Appropriate observances in commemoration of these events are, we feel, assured, generally desired by the people of our state, to the end that the spirit of historic consciousness which is the source of civic pride and patriotism. The several programs committees which were the outgrowth of the committee of one hundred at the last meeting of the Wisconsin Historical society have outlined plans which embrace three features, as follows:

"1. County pioneer celebrations, to be held at each county seat upon Saturday, May 25, 1898 (for the 25th falls upon Sunday and the 26th is Memorial day). These celebrations to be, so far as possible, of a general character, embracing the entire county, either already organized or at once to be organized, with this end in view.

"2. A general state celebration of a military, literary and historical character, to be held at Madison, the seat of state government, upon Tuesday, June 1, 1898. The 1st of June has been declared by the legislature a legal holiday, and the programme upon that day is in the hands of the governor; the proposition is to extend the celebration through the 4th and 5th of the year the guidance of the state historical society.

"3. A carnival at Milwaukee, the metropolis of the state, from June 27 to July 2, 1898, to represent the business and industrial development of the commonwealth in the past 50 years."

Local and County Organization.

At a meeting of the executive committee of the State Historical society held on the 29th of October the following resolutions were adopted:

"Resolved, That the State Historical society of Wisconsin views with great interest the preparations now under way for the semi-centennial celebration proposed to be held at Madison, the seat of state government, upon the 27th, 28th and 29th of June, 1898, and at Milwaukee, the metropolis of the state, from June 27 to July 2, 1898. It considers the proper observance of the anniversary year as of much importance to the people of this state, and that it is the duty of the historical society to aid in the celebration of this historic occasion and to foster civic pride, thereby contributing to the state of good citizenship within our borders. It therefore bespeaks for these several celebrations the hearty cooperation of Wisconsin men and women, wherever they may be."

"Resolved, That the society advise and request the immediate formation of local and county historical and early settler associations to develop the historic spirit in their several communities, to aid in the celebration of this historic occasion, and to foster civic pride and patriotism. It should be the aim of these local societies to call out valuable personal narratives of pioneer life in written form, to collect from pioneers or the descendants of pioneers early history of our state, and to make the same available to the general public. It is also desirable that the several Wisconsin posts of the Grand Army of the Republic do similar historical and geographical work in connection with their distinguished services in behalf of the state, and that the history of the Wisconsin national guard and the old militia system which preceded it be properly set forth by the men who are most competent to prepare it. An especial effort should be made to secure a general collection of the best sources of historical research and placing them where they can best be preserved and utilized. It is especially recommended that the several local societies shall, when the work of the semi-centennial celebration is under way, be organized to maintain their useful existence and become active auxiliary members of the state society, under the provisions of Chapter 115, laws of Wisconsin for 1897. This law provides that incorporated local societies engaged in historical research may become auxiliary members of the state society, with power to send delegates to the annual meetings of the latter and to make reports thereon, which reports shall be published in whole or in part, in the annual report of the state society."

"2. To hold in each county not later than December 1 next a convention of delegates from such societies—or, if preferred, a general mass meeting of citizens—at which shall be appointed a committee on local history, this latter to be composed of the detailed preparation of historical data and statistics for his county."

"3. To hold upon the 25th of May, 1898, at the county seat or other convenient place an historical celebration of such character as may be decided by the local societies, but to have clearly in view the semi-centennial idea. At this local celebration the county historians may present reports of his investigations, in synopsis or otherwise."

"4. The committee in charge of the state historical celebration at Madison will, if it is expected, ask the several local societies to send delegates thereto. A meeting will not doubt be planned in connection therewith at which county historians may present their reports to the state society. It is hoped that means may be found for publishing a semi-centennial volume in which shall appear these several county histories, or such parts thereof, properly edited, as a competent committee may agree upon."

"The society will be pleased, when requested, to furnish data to citizens in the several counties relative to the proposed local celebrations, the formation of local societies and the preparation of local histories."

"In behalf of the society,

JOHN JOHNSTON, President.

REUBEN G. THWAITE, Secretary."

The Four Marys were maids of honor to Mary, Queen of Scots; they were Mary Beaton, Mary Seaton, Mary Livingston and Mary Fleming. Mary Carmichael's name, though mentioned in the ballad, was not one of the original four; it is said that she replaced Mary Fleming.

Individual butter-plates continue in fashion; the reason for their existence is a good one, for who would care to put butter on a hot plate? Our English cousins eagerly buy them when they are in this country, counting them as a wise invention.

Thanksgiving Day.

Gov. Scofield's Thanksgiving proclamation is as follows:

"In conformity with the proclamation of the president of the United States and following a wise custom established by our fathers, I, Edward Scofield, governor of the state of Wisconsin, do hereby designate and set apart Thursday, the 25th day of November, 1898, as a day of public thanksgiving. It is not only proper, but eminently desirable, that we cultivate a spirit of thankfulness and reverent appreciation. The people of Wisconsin, in common with those of other states, have special reason this year to be thankful. The trying period of industrial depression from which we are emerging has prepared us to make a wise use of the material prosperity that is now coming to us. The day set apart should be observed by such gatherings in places of worship and around the family board as shall best express to Almighty God our thankfulness for the prosperity and protection which during the past year He has vouchsafed to our state and nation."

—EDWARD SCOFIELD, Governor."

Innocent Man Pardoned.

Gov. Scofield has pardoned Luke Flint, of Marinette, who has served six months of a year's sentence to the state prison for robbery. Flint pleaded guilty to the charge, but Judge Hastings, who sentenced him, in a letter to the governor states that Flint was drunk when he made the plea, and that he has since discovered that Flint was not implicated in the offense in any way.

Two Boys Pardoned.

Gov. Scofield has pardoned William Quigley and Alexander Petrie, who were serving a 15-years' term in the state prison for criminal assault. The lads were sentenced from Kenosha county April 1, 1892. At the time the crime was committed one of the boys was only 15 years old and the other was 16. There have been several applications for pardon.

Takes a Wife Abroad.

Hon. William R. Finch, recently appointed envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Paraguay and Uruguay, and editor and proprietor of the Republican and Leader at La Crosse, was married to Miss Lillian Law, daughter of the late ex-Mayor Law. They left at once for Montevideo, South America, going via Europe and Africa.

His Third Conviction.

The jury in the murder trial of John W. Fertig returned a verdict at Menomonie of guilty in the first degree. This is the third trial and conviction of Fertig for the killing of Robert Spaulding in 1891, the case having been tried by three circuit court judges. Fertig maintains his innocence and says the killing of Spaulding was accidental.

Aged Indian Passes Away.

Ak-oo-Cho-Kah (Archieoke), the oldest member of his tribe and probably the oldest person in Monroe county, died at the settlement north of Tomah. "Archieoke" was a Winnebago Indian, and he had been a chief or medicine man of his tribe for many years. His age is not positively known, but it is given at from 105 to 125 years.

His Tomb Is Located.

R. L. C. Holbek, whose disappearance was the sensation of August last in La Crosse, has been heard from. He is in Australia, and just before sailing from Victoria, B. C., he wrote to his uncle in Denmark for money, telling him where to remit. The latter forwarded the letter to relatives of Holbek in La Crosse.

The News Condensed.

The new public library in Sheboygan was opened in an informal way.

Peter Graef, a hotel proprietor at Crivitz, shot and killed Louis Klaus, who was creating a disturbance.

Mrs. Mary Cunningham, aged about 60, dropped dead in her home at Deloit while preparing breakfast.

The second bank of Durand has been organized.

A company has been organized to erect a hotel at Merrill at a cost of \$25,000 to replace the one recently destroyed by fire.

Olaf Johnson, a lumberman of Poplar, committed suicide in West Superior by cutting the arteries of his wrist.

The police of Madison believe they have arrested in Charles McDonald the man who shot John Robinson at Darlington October 24, while attempting to rob his house.

Wolves are reported unusually numerous between Trempealeau and New Amsterdam. One farmer reports the loss of 40 sheep.

Albert Anderson, a runaway boy, was caught by the police at Fargo while working westward and has been returned to his parents in West Superior.

Charles Kei, of Hustisford, had his arm taken off while feeding a corn shredder and husker.

William O'Neil, employed with a threshing crew in the town of Troy, was caught in the flywheel of the machine and so badly injured that he died.

Secretary Wilson, of the United States department of agriculture, is having a new series of drafts prepared for the disbursing of the appropriations of his department. They will be embellished with a steel portrait of ex-Secretary Jeremiah M. Rusk.

Mrs. Carrie Nichols Hamilton, aged 41, wife of Charles H. Hamilton, corporation counsel of Milwaukee, died suddenly of pneumonia. She leaves two children.

A savings bank will be located in Green Bay in the near future with a capital of \$100,000.

W. Wagner, a farmer of Almond, fell from his wagon and died from his injuries. He was 76 years old and a war veteran.

A post office has been established at Clover, Manitowish county, with Wenzel Swazal as postmaster.

During the past year allotments of lands in severalty to Indians took place in Wisconsin to the number of 169 from the Red Cliff reservation and 59 on the Lac Court O'Reilles reservation.

Prof. John K. McGregor, of Eau Claire, has accepted appointment as assistant superintendent and principal of Wausau industrial school.

For the Week Ending Nov. 13.

Joe Sartain and George Skipper fought a duel in Forest City, Ark., and both were killed.

The Bank of Antigo, Wis., closed its doors, but it is said depositors will be paid in full.

Henry Phillips, a negro and self-confessed murderer, was hanged by a mob at Osceola, Ark.

The University of Wisconsin defeated the University of Chicago football team in Chicago by a score of 23 to 8.

A peculiar disease which covers the entire body with small sores is fast becoming epidemic in Omaha, Neb.

Mrs. Margaret Doughan, the oldest person in Massachusetts, died at her home in Chicopee Falls, aged 121 years.

Alce Pelky, whose daughter married Walter Loresford, the bogus lord, dropped dead from grief at Fitzgerald, Ga.

The exports of breadstuffs in October amounted to \$26,156,991, an increase, compared with October, 1896, of \$6,292,012.

Joseph M. Tilford, aged 57, proprietor of the Indianapolis Journal from 1854 to 1864, died suddenly while at church.

Albert Voiers was hanged at Fayetteville, W. Va., for the murder of Charles Gibson at Montgomery April 22, 1896.

Advises say there is no fear of starvation in the Klondike, as the companies were supplying men with provisions for winter.

Excitement was caused in Havana by the report that the Danubius had succeeded in landing two filibustering expeditions.

Marshal Blanco has abrogated the orders of Gen. Weyler as to the destruction of the fields and huts of the insurgents in Cuba.

A combination of steel tube companies, with headquarters at Shelby, O., will control 90 per cent. of the entire steel tube output of America.

The Missouri Pacific St. Louis night express was held up three miles east of Independence, Mo., by five masked men, but they secured no booty.

The president has appointed Charles Page Bryan, of Illinois, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to China.

Count de Verechi, one of the best-known Italians in this country, died in Washington from eating mushrooms supposed to be of the edible variety.

At the fourth annual convention in Baltimore of the United Daughters of the Confederacy Miss Katie Cabell Currie, of Dallas, Tex., was elected president.

HELD UP.

A Highwayman Robbed a Mail Carrier in Idaho—Hill Sum Taken.

Warren, Idaho, Nov. 15.—The mail carrier was held up here by a lone highwayman and ordered to dismount from his horse. The carrier was then told to cut the mail sack open, which he did, and the robber took all the registered mail and letters. There was about \$4,000 in cash. The sheriff's posse of ten men immediately set out in pursuit.

Named the Baby.

Princeton, N. J., Nov. 11.—The Princeton collegians were greatly disappointed when it became known Wednesday that Grover Cleveland's son is to be named Richard Folsom Cleveland. They had given the young man the name of Grover Cleveland, Jr., on the day of his birth, and hoped it would stick to him. The name decided upon is given in honor of Mrs. Cleveland's father.

Home for Engineers' Widows.

Mattoon, Ill., Nov. 11.—Grand Chief P. M. Arthur, Assistant P. E. Ingraham and Attorney Madden, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, have bought Meadow Lawn farm for \$17,450. It is generally understood that a home for the dependent widows and orphans of the order will be established upon this farm, consisting of 236 acres, adjoining Mattoon.

Hallucin in Danger.

New York, Nov. 13.—A dispatch to the Herald from Valparaiso, Chili, says: A plan for a dreibund of Chili, Peru and Argentina is in existence, which, if adopted by the three governments, will wipe Bolivia off the South American map. Chili, Peru and Argentina dividing her territory.

In Full Blast.

Pittsburgh, Pa., Nov. 12.—For the first time in over three years every blast furnace in Allegheny county is in operation. In addition to this more furnaces are in operation here than ever before, for the past summer saw four new plants completed and placed in active work.

For a New State.

New York, Nov. 12.—One of the first bills introduced in the legislature will be one providing for the creation of a new state to be called Manhattan, which will include 16 counties and have a population of 3,902,220.

Secretary Wilson Honored.

Des Moines, Ia., Nov. 12.—The Iowa agricultural college at its annual commencement has conferred on James Wilson, secretary of agriculture in the McKinley cabinet, the degree of master of agriculture.

Hope for Durrant.

San Francisco, Nov. 12.—William Henry Theodore Durrant will not be hanged at San Quentin to-day after all, the supreme court of this state having granted him another respite at the eleventh hour.

Off for Cuba.

New York, Nov. 11.—Gen. Fitzguald Lee, United States consul general at Havana, Wednesday sailed for his post by the steamer Segurana, of the Ward line.

Campfire Plant Burned.

Neokuk, Ia., Nov. 13.—The city was threatened with a disastrous fire Friday. Fred Hilpert & Sons' cooperage plant burned. Loss, \$10,000.

A CARBONIC ACID WELL

Saratoga Said to Have the Only Supply of the Kind in the World.

Four years ago workmen boring for a new spring at Saratoga, N. Y., were startled when, with a tremendous rush and roar, dirt and stones came flying up out of the hole, but not a bit of water appeared. For three days no one would approach the place, for, though the shower of dirt and stones ceased, and no water, in fact, nothing visible, appeared, the rushing, roaring sound continued. This was heard for miles and resembled that made by a number of locomotives all blowing off steam at once. At the end of this time it was discovered that the noise was caused by the rapid escape of natural carbonic acid gas. The gas was brought under control, and is now bottled for commercial purposes, and the well is the only one of the kind in the world.

The bottling of gas for transportation is somewhat different from the bottling of liquid. The gas is sent through iron pipes from the well to a condenser, where it passes through a succession of other pipes, each one in turn compressing it more than the last and depriving it of more heat. At length, having reached a pressure of a thousand pounds to the square inch, it is forced into iron cylinders about six inches in diameter and somewhat more than four feet in height. It is now of a consistency that would seem to be a compromise between water and glycerine, with the bluish cast of ordinary gas. In these cylinders or iron bottles it is ready for transportation.

An interesting way in which to see the gas is to pour some of it from one of the cylinders, at the same time converting it into a solid. This is done by wrapping heavy cloths round the mouth of the cylinder when the top is unscrewed, thus preventing the too rapid escape of the gas into the air. But as water expands when it is converted into ice, so the rapid expansion of the gas, already deprived of its heat, causes it to freeze, and on opening the cloth there is found dry carbonic acid gas converted into a solid as white as snow, with the sparkle of crystals and a temperature of 78 degrees below zero.

When taken in the hand, it has the feeling of burning coals, and if kept there will quickly draw sufficient heat from the hand to blister it. As fast as it does draw heat from the atmosphere or any object with which it comes in contact it passes off as gas, leaving a handkerchief, or the most delicate object on which it may have been placed, perfectly dry.

Since the opening of the well the demand for the gas has been greater than the supply, which is limited. As yet the greatest demand for it is for use in soda water fountains, but it has also found its way into other departments of life. It is being used in the hospitals in surgical cases, and it is taking the place of yeast in the bakeries, while experiments that promise success are being made to prove that by means of it fruit may be preserved indefinitely in its natural state.—N. Y. Sun.

HE COULD KICK.

A Mule That Would Be a Good Boarding House Agent.

At rare intervals among the mountain roads of West Virginia and Kentucky the traveler may come upon a blacksmith shop, but he is much safer in the shoeing of his horse if he will carry a few nails and tools in the bottom of his buggy. On a trip by Pound Gap one occasion I found a blacksmith shop at the forks of the road, and, as usual, a half dozen or more men sitting around it in the shade. My turnout needed some repairs, and as the smith was pottering about it inside I made talk with the men outside. One of them wanted to sell me a mule which he had hung upon the fence, and I started in for a dicker. After we had been talking for perhaps a quarter of an hour the smith asked me to step inside and show him something about the work he was doing. As soon as he got me away from the crowd he came close and grew confidential.

"Yain't thinkin' no buyin' that critter, air you?" he asked, in all sincerity.

"Well, I don't know. I want a mule, and that one looks all right," I said.

"You can't tell a mule by his looks, mister. Mules is fer all the world like women."

"What's the matter with him?" I inquired, quite ignoring the comparison.

"He ain't safe. Course I ain't got nothin' ag'in the mule fer the owner, and I'd be glad enough fer him to git the money fer him, fer he owes me fer the shoein' on him, but I don't like ter see a stranger tuck in an' done up like he's tryin' to do you."

"But you haven't told me what's the matter with the mule," I insisted. "Will he kick?"

"That's his weakness, mister," responded the smith, letting his voice fall to a whisper. "You won't believe me, praps, but I'm tellin' you he's the kickin'est critter in the mountains. He shore is, mister, and I hope I may die right here if he can't kick the body outen a biscuit an' never crack the crust. He kin, mister, fer I'm a brother to him."—Washington Star.

Lobster Cakes.

Boil a good sized lobster, and when cold remove the flesh, and with a silver knife cut it into small pieces; measure, and to each pint of this meat allow a half-pint of milk, one tablespoonful of butter, two rounding tablespoonfuls of flour, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, half a teaspoonful of onion juice, a tablespoonful of salt, quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper and a grating of nutmeg. Put the milk over the fire; rub the butter and flour together, add it to the hot milk; stir until smooth and thick. Mix paste and meat together, add yolks of two eggs, put over the fire for just a moment and turn out to cool. When cold form into oval-shaped croquettes; dip into beaten egg, then in bread crumbs, and fry in smoking hot fat.—N. Y. Ledger.

COLLEGE WOMEN AS WIVES.

What an Unmarried Woman Said to a Class of Misses.

The following extracts are from an address made by Miss Clara Postwick, a teacher at the Elms school in Springfield, Mass.:

"What is the college woman's probability of happiness in marriage compared with that of her less highly educated sister? She chooses her husband later. She is more developed; she knows better what she is going to be; she stands in better chance of not selecting a life companion whose tastes and hers will prove helplessly antagonistic. And this is of especial importance in America, where girls and boys are thrown so freely together; where they marry when and whom they wish, and where the parents in many cases apparently have little else to do with the matter than to pay the bills and try to shield the young husband and wife from the consequences of their folly. The man whom a girl would have married when she entered college is probably not the man whom she would marry when she is graduated from college. This may result in the breaking of some early engagement, but an engagement that can be broken would better be broken. The college-bred woman is also less likely to marry from ennui. Even if she is unfortunate enough to have no definite work, after she leaves college, she has resources within herself which can not only prevent life from becoming a bore, but which can make it rich and satisfying. Neither will she be likely to sell herself for the sake of a home. She is better equipped to support herself, if necessary, and she has probably lost many silly ideas she may have had about the unladylike of honest, breadwinning work."

"Finally, when she has been won, she stands a much better chance of keeping her husband's love and respect, because she stands a better chance of interesting him."

"Men don't stay in their homes unless they find their homes entertaining, said a married woman of wide experience in the world, in talking about the education of her daughter. 'I tell my daughter that if she is ever to marry she needs to know something for two reasons; first to hold her husband's interest; and second, to have within herself resources that will make her happiness, to a certain extent, independent of him; in which case he will be much more likely to stay in love with her.'"

"The statistics in regard to the marriage of college women will not be complete until we have also the statistics in regard to their divorce. The statement has been made, whether truly or not, that as yet no Vassar graduate has been divorced. Of course, all college women are not interesting, any more than are all college men; but the four years' companionship with 'nobles thoughts' ought to make one at least less stupid."

"Mate the educated woman with the educated man and you have a probability that they will continue to interest and love each other; that there will be intellectual companionship between them; and that each will have sufficient respect for the other's mental ability and moral sanity to make possible a government of the home and the children, not by 'managing' each other, keeping clear of a pandering to each other's foibles and prejudices, but by frank and fearless discussion as to what is reasonable and right. This is not the condition of affairs in most homes."

"The women of the higher education bring to motherhood, too, a better preparation than do those of smaller opportunities. The reasons for this are both physical and mental. They are, as a rule, older, physically mature, and the opinion is held by some physicians that, for the sake of the physical perfection of the race, no woman should marry until she is 25. They have a wider knowledge of physiological and psychological laws—or they have the ability to acquire it—which must bring forth beneficent fruit in the rearing of their children. They know more profoundly the responsibilities of motherhood; and their realization of the importance of details in the training of a child disposes them to look upon what might seem drudgery to other women as glorified, educational opportunity."

—Boston Advertiser.

He Had Two Hours Left.

A Hartford commercial traveler was in Danbury, Conn., the other night and on retiring left word with the hotel clerk to be called on time for the five o'clock train the next morning. He was awakened long before daylight by a vigorous banging at the door and a voice in response to inquiry as to whether the hotel was on fire, said: "I'm the watchman, and I'm going off duty. I thought I'd like to tell you that you have nearly two hours to sleep yet. It's about three o'clock."—Hartford Post.

Mushrooms and Kidneys.

In this case the mushrooms should be thick and deep, so that they can hold the following mixture safely: When the mushrooms are dressed and stalked, dip each into liquid butter which has been peppered and salted. Have ready as much seasoned and minced kidney and bacon as will fill the mushrooms, spread this forcemeat over smoothly and evenly, to make it of an oval shape, as on the under sides of the mushrooms. Brush over with a beaten egg.—Woman's Home Companion.

Heppin's John.

One large cupful of peas, one small piece of breakfast bacon, one onion, one cupful of rice. Cook the peas until tender, then add breakfast bacon, salt, rice and the onion, cut up fine. Let it all cook together on the back of the stove until the rice is tender.—House-keeper.

Wanted Money for the Name.

Mrs. Hoyle—Have you named your baby yet?

Mrs. Hoyle—No, times are so bad we can't find anybody we really want to name him after.—N. Y. Journal.

HOW GOLD IS SHIPPED.

Why the Yellow Coin Is Moved About the World.

The men who receive the gold say that gold comes to this country as a means of final settlement. "Our European correspondents pay with securities and bills of exchange," said a banker, "as long as they can do so, and when there ceases to be any profit in that method they send us the gold." All agree that the influx of gold is an unmistakable sign of activity in business. "We have the same conditions right in our own country," said Maurice L. Muhleman, deputy assistant United States treasurer. "When the cotton is being harvested in the south and the grain in the west, New York sends to the banks in those regions advances in the shape of bankers' drafts. This commercial paper is used again by them and there is no need for sending actual money. But when the crops are unusually large and it requires extraordinary sums of money to pay for harvesting, then the local banks are compelled to ask for money instead of paper. They need it for their customers, who can pay help only with money. They are prevented from making further inroads on their own supply because of the law which compels them to have a certain amount of cash always on deposit as reserve. That is the case at present, and large sums of actual money are being sent to New Orleans and the west to help the little banks along."

"The same causes are at the bottom of the gold shipments from abroad. In times when there is no demand for money, when business is slack, bankers have so much gold that they prefer to receive paper; but with large crops to more, increasing pay rolls due to increase in manufacturing, with increased freight transactions and the additional business which follows in the wake of a manufacturing revival, the supply of money becomes low, and the consequence is that we ask our European correspondents to send us gold instead of paper."

But gold is not shipped like ordinary merchandise, and the mode of packing is little known outside the banking establishment to which it is consigned. The coin gold from Great Britain comes in lots of 500 ounces. These lots are usually packed in five bags of 100 ounces each, and the bags are placed in a box, which is tightly nailed and strapped. It frequently happens that a lot is slightly over weight, and in such cases a coin is clipped to make the weight exact."

Bar gold is also shipped in boxes, each box containing 500 ounces. The bars are kept from chafing by being packed between layers of sawdust.

American gold coin which has lost less than one-half per cent. by wear is received for its face value, but all pieces which are light as much as one-half per cent. are received by weight only.

The assay office advances 99 per cent. on all the gold which is left there, and when the actual value has been determined settles by check on the subtreasury. American gold coin, like the French and the German, is nine-tenths fine, British coin is eleven-twelfths fine, and bars are of various grades. Because of the variation in quality all settlements are made on the basis of "fine gold."

"There are tricks in the gold business," said another banker, "which are not known to the rest of the business world. For instance, the lightweight coin dodge. A man buys American gold in Europe for shipment to this country. He buys it by weight and uses it here for its face value. If the coins have been slightly worn in circulation, but not down to the one-half per cent. limit, the shipper makes the difference."

THE COUNTY BOARD.

The Regular November Meeting Was a Short One.

The fall meeting of the county board adjourned yesterday forenoon, after only a week's session. After the regular routine business was through with, the allowing of this was the first and most important matter to attend to—at least for those who had bills before the board.

The resolution which was introduced, proposing to combine the offices of County Poor Commissioner and Supt. of the Poor Farm, was adopted by the board, and George Marks, the present superintendent of the poor farm, was elected to the position. His salary was fixed at \$50 per month.

The county has perfected its title to nearly 20,000 acres of land, and at this meeting the board appointed Superintendents J. C. Curran and S. Kelly and Dist. Atty. Miller a Commissioner to secure actual settlers on these lands. The county will deed its title free of any charge to anyone who will cultivate and improve the land.

The matter of fixing the salaries of county officers was laid over until the January meeting of the board. The apportionment of county tax for the coming year was fixed, and is distributed in about the same proportion as last year. The total county and state tax is \$57,000, the per cent. for each town being as follows:

City of Rhinelander, 23 per cent.
Town of Hazelhurst, 20 per cent.
Town of Pelican, 20 per cent.
Town of Goshen, 8 per cent.
Town of Shepika, 4 per cent.
Town of Woodboro, 14 per cent.

Important Decisions.

Judge Bardeen this week filed his decisions in several cases which were tried at the October term of circuit court, with Clerk of Court Sturdevant. In the case of the Menasha Wooden Ware Co. against Oneida County, for the tax of 1897, he decided that the assessment made by the assessor was the legal one, and that the action of the board of review was illegal.

Judgment for the county was given in the case of the Paine Lumber Co. vs. Oneida County for the tax of 1896.

The case of B. F. Smith against the county for sheriff's fees and board of prisoners, was decided in favor of county. We learn that Mr. Smith will appeal the case.

Dr. Nansen's Lecture.

To enable everyone to visit the Twin Cities and hear the famous Explorer, the SOO LINE will make low Excursion rates from all stations in Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and North Dakota to Minneapolis and St. Paul, going Nov. 18, 19 and 20. Good to return until Nov. 22. On sale at all SOO LINE stations. The rate from Rhinelander is \$7.50 for the round trip.

If You Keep.

If you keep a horse, cow or a dog, send for Dr. Humphreys' Veterinary Manual and learn about their treatment and care. Mailed free—address Humphreys' Medicine Company, Cor. William & John Sts., N. Y.

Ladies buy your rubbers and over-shoes at Beers & Co's.

High School Notes.

Rhinelander High School football team defeated Merrill High School football team with a score of 21 to 0. Game was called at 2:20. Twenty-five minute halves were decided upon. Gilligan won the toss and chose the north goal. Sherman kicked off to Garland, who returned the ball fifteen yards and was downed by Anderson. Crowe was sent through the line for ten yards. Crowe was again given the ball and crossed with Marks who carried the ball to Merrill's ten yard line. Gilligan made a short gain. Annis then carried the ball through the line for a touch down. Crowe kicked goal, making score 6 to 0 in local's favor.

Ball kicked off by Sherman to Garland and returned by him twenty yards; downed by Hetzel.

Wedge went through the line for fifteen yards. Wedge crossed with Gilligan who made a run of sixty yards for a touch down. Crowe made the goal score 12 to 0. Time six minutes.

Ball kicked off by Sherman to Garland and returned by him twenty yards; downed by McCullon. Merrill took a brace and held four downs.

The ball was sent around local's left end but was downed by Gilligan with no gain. Local's right end was tried and resulted in a short gain; ball downed by Beers. The ball was then snapped back for a full back punt. Crowe broke through and caused the ball to be fumbled. Beers picked it up and made a seventy yard run for a touch down. Crowe kicked goal making score 18 to 0.

Ball kicked off to Crowe by Sherman and was brought back by him twenty yards. Both teams then went in for hard playing. Annis went through the center for twelve yards. Crowe went through tackle for eight yards, downed by Hetzel. Ball soon led for downs and went to Merrill. Rhinelander's center tried and resulted in a gain of one yard. Local's right end tried, ball downed by Beers who was held out for full length of time. Merrill took advantage of Beers' condition and played right end. Garland called over, gains stopped and ball held for downs. Merrill took a brace and Rhinelander could only make small gains. Time was finally called with the ball in local's forty yard line.

Second half was called after ten minutes' intermission. Crowe kicked off to Anderson; ball carried back ten yards before being downed by Marks. Ball changed hands a number of times but the Rhinelander's slowly swept Merrill toward their goal and at last Gilligan got the ball and went through the end for a gain of fourteen yards and a touch down. Crowe kicked goal making the score 21 to 0 in favor of the Rhinelander's. Ball kicked off by Sherman to Merrill who carried it back to center of the field. Annis lost the ball and Merrill began to make gains around the ends. It was here the long hard ride and four hours sleep began to tell. The teams began to go to pieces and Capt. Gilligan had all he could do to keep up the spirit. Merrill was in the local's ten yard line and questionable playing going on both sides when Left Guard Lally was hurt and had to retire. Berry taking his place, Garland was hurt in the next down but quickly resumed playing. This was the only time in the whole game Merrill had the least chance of making a score and they were going to make the most of it. But at last Rhinelander took a brace as only Rhinelander boys can when they are fighting for the honor of their town or school, and held for downs without Merrill gaining a foot. The crowd was yelling so at this point Gilligan could not be heard and so the last plays were used without signals, and in five minutes after when time was called Rhinelander was on Merrill's five yard line.

Touch downs were made by Annis, full back, ten yard run; Gilligan, left half back, sixty yards run; Beers, right end, seventy yard run; Gilligan, fourteen yard run.

Child features: Annis' fine line jumping; Crowe's goal kicking at hand signals; Beers' quick kick up and long sprint; Gilligan's good Captaincy.

Best playing on Merrill's team was done by Carl Strickland, Ray, McQuillan, Frank Anderson and Ralph Hetzel. Capt. Anderson played the most desperate game and took the most desperate chances by his high jumping of anyone the locals ever played against.

Hetzel is given yet but promises to develop into a good line man.

The teams lined up as follows:

RHINELANDER	MERRILL
Brace	C. Sullivan
Martin	R. G. Stange
Wedge	R. T. O'Connor
Beers	R. E. Downey
Lally	L. G. Hetzel
Crowe	L. T. Porter
Langdon	L. E. Strickland
Gilligan (Capt.)	L. H. B. McQuillan
Marks	R. H. B. Anderson
Annis	F. B. Sherman
Garland	Q. B. Baldwin

Substitutes—Lewis, Vaughn, Berry, House, Rhinelander, King, Merrill, Carl D. Hyington, Merrill, umpire; Wm. Burns, Merrill, timekeeper. Lewis and King, lines men except the last part of last half when Lewis was retired.

Prof. Hyer acted as manager as Mr. Wedge played in home team.

A poor crowd turned out to see the first game ever played in that city. Only \$15 was taken in at the gate.

Rhinelander High School expect to play Merrill a return game at Rhinelander on Thanksgiving day, although there has been some talk of playing at Tomahawk on that day.

Merrill High School foot ball team average two pounds lighter than Rhinelander.

The reporter to the Sentinel made a mistake in the man playing full back. Annis held that position throughout the game.

The boys report having a good time at Merrill.

Judd Brazell has withdrawn from school.

Jessie House has been in the woods for the last few days.

Last Friday the Senior class held a meeting and elected officers:

Leslie Beers—President.
Cora Holliday—Vice-President.
Edith Brown—Treasurer.
Elizabeth Markham—Secretary.

Last week Athena opened with a talk by Prof. Annis on the future of the society, and plans were laid by which to prolong its life.

Prof. Hyer gave an interesting talk on the jury system.

Following is the program for Nov. 19, 1907:

Roll call to be responded to by quotations from Longfellow.

Recitation—Daisy Gardner.

Debate: Resolved "That Hamlet was Insane."

Affirmative—Cora Holliday, Muriel Curran, Negative—Ray Marks, Edith Brown.

Recitation—Lillie Mousell.

Current Notes—Geo. Cordier.

We learn with pleasure that the ventilation is going to be looked to and also the boys' basement is going to be changed around.

On next Friday afternoon before recess a history debate will take place. An interesting discussion is anticipated. Visitors will be welcomed.

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

LAND OFFICE AT WAUWATON, WIS.
November 1, 1897.
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge or Clerk of the Circuit Court at Rhinelander, Wis., on the 18th day of November, 1897, viz: George L. H. No. 6256, for the S. 25 N. 12 E. Sec. 21, Tp. 25 N., Range 12 E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Leola Langer, Rhinelander, Wis.; James J. Young, Julius Langer, of Rhinelander, Wis.
Dated October 15, 1897.
EDWARD T. WHEELER, Register.

Sheriff's Notice of Sale.

STATE OF WISCONSIN, IN CIRCUIT COURT, ONIDA COUNTY.
J. M. ORRITT, Plaintiff.
FRANK W. DANIELSON, MARY E. DANIELSON and JAMES W. HERRY, Defendants.

By virtue of a judgment rendered in a judgment of foreclosure and order of sale rendered on the 15th day of October A. D. 1897, and duly docketed in the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court in and for the County of Oneida, I shall offer for sale and sell at public sale at the front door of the Court House in the City of Rhinelander, County and State of Wisconsin, on the 15th day of November A. D. 1897, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, the following described mortgaged premises, day a day, to-wit: Lot 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 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1166, 1167, 1168, 1169, 1170, 1171, 1172, 1173, 1174, 1175, 1176, 1177, 1178, 1179, 1180, 1181, 1182, 1183, 1184, 1185, 1186, 1187, 1188, 1189, 1190, 1191, 1192, 1193, 1194, 1195, 1196, 1197, 1198, 1199, 1200, 1201, 1202, 1203, 1204, 1205, 1206, 1207, 1208, 1209, 1210, 1211, 1212, 1213,

Farmer Jimpson's Thanksgiving



"We skimpin' an' savin' and what do I get?" "You couldn't make Ol' Jimpson look at the bright side of things?" "I want to be in the man's head 'nd shake 'em side to side an' 'd have his flimsies!" "An' the crabs was crackin' with piled up corn!" "I was drivin' his shockin' rig 'nd lookin' 'em 't 's and was gone!" "Fine Thanksgiving weather!" "I see; see he 'd be no thankin' this year by me!" "They won't see I-an' the way he 'd be no thankin' this year by me!" "An' up the road he sorter scowled: 'He durned if I've got w'at I ain't dug up!' " "An' 'er that face he 'd be no thankin' this year by me!" "Fact is, I've had sore on the whole blame thing!" "I've felt so mean, yere, drivin' to town, 'er lookin' 'a-back, that y' know, by 'er!" "I'm sorry 'bout 'em 't 's here." "There's nothin' to be thankful for this year!"

Sue's Thanksgiving



FOR DAYS the Deane had been making ready for the corn-roast. The boys had chosen the tallest, slightest sapplings, and trimmed and cut them until they were like exaggerated fishing rods, with sharply-pointed ends. All the brush and small logs had been gathered and drawn on the stone drag to the high pasture, and piled on the summit of its grassy swell, where the hills and valleys could be seen sinking and rising far and wide, the endless ridges of the Green mountains sweeping away to the east and the blue Adirondacks closing the western view. It was the finest farm in northern Vermont, old Mr. Deane had always declared; and the high pasture had been for generations a favorite place for coasting parties and corn-roasts. It was more popular than ever now, since Sue Deane was the handsomest girl in the county, and accounted her swains by the dozen.

"I don't know how Sue's ever goin' to settle down," said her mother, plaintively; "for there's no one man will notice her the way they all do now. And then, Sue's so masterful; she's as sweet-tempered as you please, but she always has her own way in the end." "Sue's obedient enough, as far as I see," replied Mr. Deane. "Well, father, she is to you, and always has been; but, dear me! with everybody else she does what she pleases. I will say she's generally right; but that's just it—she's got as much sense, and more, than most of her beaux, and she ain't likely to find a husband she can't rule. And that's poison to a woman like Sue; she needs to be managed herself. There's just one I'd choose for her, and that's Tom Kellogg. But then, my land! he's not the kind to stand bein' played with, and Sue's not the kind to give up her ways for anybody, so there ain't much hope of it."

"Tom's a good fellow," said Mr. Deane. "Tain't every boy could work through college 'nd law school, 'nd get into practice in a city, as he has in Burlington. And Sue and he, knowin' each other from children, ef they don't understand each other by now they never will. I think it'll likely be a match."

Mrs. Deane shook her head. Accustomed to be ruled by her daughter's will, she had little faith in any man's combating his caprices successfully. In the main she was right. That very day Sue was planning in her coquettish mind how to tease Tom Kellogg at the coming corn-roast. Sue treated other admirers as she chose; but she felt Tom was different, and liked him all the better for not being sure whether she could trifle with him or not. On this occasion, being especially tender to him in her thoughts, she was prepared to be especially baffling in behavior; for, deep in her woman's heart, she knew that all the delaying, all the coquetting in the world were not going to keep her lover from speaking before his short vacation was over and he went back to the city; and meanwhile there was the sweetness of an understanding no less strong because it was yet unspoken.

Soft and clear the September evening drew on. The whole neighborhood was invited to the roast. They came in buggies, in carriages, in hay wagons; and, one group after another, they climbed the dewy steps of the hill pasture. But Tom Kellogg did not come, and Sue's brown eyes sparkled with impatience

and a touch of anger at so unexpected a turn of the tables. Finally, when the big bonfire had been lighted, and everyone was gathered about it, Tom's buggy drove up to the foot of the hill, and he helped out of it a very young and very pretty girl—Miss Eleanor Cabell, the city boarder at his aunt's. Poor Tom! It was not his fault, and Sue might have known it; but the amant's frail is proverbially unreasonable. The facts were that Miss Cabell was young, charming, ignorantly enthusiastic, had never seen a corn-roast, and thought she was conferring a great favor upon Tom by accompanying him, not dreaming that his aunt had begged him to invite her. Entirely ignorant of his affair with Sue, she claimed him, sweetly and unconsciously, for her own.

"Oh, how beautiful!" she cried, as they climbed the slope, and saw the great bonfire flaming upon the summit. "Do take me close to it, Mr. Kellogg!" and she chattered away to him, with little shrieks of admiration, as the wide streaks of flame shot high into the air and flared upon the summer wind. The one huge pine tree, stretching its wide branches upon the summit, was so near the blazing pile of logs and brush that one big limb caught a waft of the flame, and the needles snapped with crackling explosions. "Oh, will it be quite safe?" cried Eleanor, and clung for an instant to her escort's arm. Sue, passing near, felt a swift desire to strangle her on the spot.

But that was only the beginning, for Miss Cabell was either appealing to Tom or ordering him around for the next two hours. First, she must have a choice ear of corn selected for her out of the big basket, heaped up to overflowing with the green, tasseled sheaths. Then, with her own white hands, he must show her how to impale it upon the sharpened end of the long, lit sapling, and she would insist upon fixing one for him, too. Then the right place must be chosen, where she could lower the corn, at the end of the swaying rod, into the heart of the glowing fire, now sunken to an irregular circle of white-hot embers. This necessitated getting so near to the bonfire that the heat reddened her pretty cheeks, and Tom's big handkerchief had to be called into play. Holding it before her face with one hand, and peeping round the edge of it, with many appeals as to whether she was holding the corn right, and was it done, and was he sure the sapling wouldn't catch fire and burn her up, Miss Eleanor Cabell was certainly a bewitching spectacle—one of those charming, helpless, winsome little women whom all men enjoy. How was Sue to know that Tom wasn't en-



"I AM GOING AWAY DAY AFTER TO-MORROW, SUE."

joying it? When he managed to cross to her side for a moment, he found her absolutely stony to him and flirting desperately with Will Adams; and he was soon almost as angry as she was. The merriment grew and heightened as the evening went on. The smoking, blackened, sizzling ears of corn were withdrawn from the fire, sprinkled with salt, and, hot and tender beyond description, were eaten, amid a general chatter and fun. More and yet more were stripped from their silken sheaths, toasted and consumed; and, in the dying embers, apples were cozily roasted as a dessert. The great ring of fire died into a dim glow, and then into a mere twinkle of light here and there among the ashes; the stars came out over the hills, and the wind ceased, leaving a balmy clearness in the far spaces of the night. It was time for going home, so the revelers joined hands, and ended the corn-roast by dancing in a ring about the fire, and tramping out the last embers, keeping time to their flying feet by an old-fashioned chorus as they swung round and round. Miss Cabell was charmed with this; she danced like a fairy, and laughed like a child as she tripped in the swaying circle. Everyone admired her, and thought Tom Kellogg in luck. Sue heard the comment everywhere; she was irritated beyond feminine endurance; and when, as the ring broke, and the groups scattered again, to wind their way down the hill in the starlit softness of the night, Tom at last found his opportunity to speak with her, she was in her most exasperating mood.

"I am going away day after to-morrow, Sue. Can I see you to-morrow?" "Will Adams is going to drive me over to Fair Haven to-morrow. I shall stop

at Aunt Sylvia's, and I won't be back again until Monday," she said, stiffly. "Sue," said Tom, shortly, all his innate masterfulness coming to the surface; "if you don't see me before I go, you'll not probably see me again!" This was dangerous. Sue knew he was right, and that she ought to give him a chance to explain; but she was not the stuff of which patient Grizels are made. And just at this critical moment, a sweet voice said, out of the darkness at his elbow:

"Oh, Mr. Kellogg, isn't it a pity it's all over, and we have to go home! Miss Deane, it has been so delightful; we have enjoyed it so much!" It was Miss Cabell, radiant and unsuspecting. Her "we" was the finishing touch. Sue's face hardened into determination. "You must get Mr. Kellogg to show you other things of interest in our country life," she said, sweetly; "he has a little while before he goes back, and will be at your service. I am sure, Good-by, Mr. Kellogg; I hope you will have a pleasant winter in the city."

"Good-by," said Tom, holding out his hand. Sue turned away, ignoring it, and began talking and laughing about Will Adams, who was hanging about, waiting to take her down the hill, and whom she knew Tom particularly disliked. And that was the end of the corn-roast.

It was Thanksgiving day. The family gathering had taken place at the Wilcox homestead this year, for Mrs. Deane and Mrs. Wilcox were sisters, and alternated the festival. Mr. Deane, this time, however, was ill in bed, and his wife stayed to nurse him. Sue came over with the Alcotts, who were cousins and lived a mile or so beyond the Deane farm. The day had been eminently successful; the dinner was a triumph of Mrs. Wilcox's skill; the pies were flaky, the turkey savory, the cranberry a chef d'oeuvre of jellied richness, the cake bewildering in variety and lightness. Outside, a whirling snowstorm had raged all day, but with a dozen merry guests, and the hearty Wilcoxes to boot, there had been no lack of gaiety and fun in the old homestead. It stood just outside the village, and now and then, during the afternoon, a neighbor went by in his sleigh, and waved his hand to the windows. Tom Kellogg passed, in the cutter, with the colts; he was only at home for a day or two, and Sue saw him with a great thrill of her heart, and a realization, for the hundredth time since their quarrel, of how much she loved him and how foolish she had been. Sue was a just, clear-headed little woman, in spite of her coquetry; she recognized that Tom was in the right, and that he was taking the



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only dignified stand possible. He had gone back to the city without making any effort to see her, and she knew, as well as if he had told her, that he would not change his attitude until she made some sign. Yet she knew, also, that he loved her as much as ever, and was no more liable to change, in that steadfast affection, than in the quiet determination that controlled it. Tom had turned the tables on her and gained the mastery. She vowed she would not yield; but she felt her day of coquetry was over, whether she chose or not.

Through all Thanksgiving day each had been thinking of the other. At church, during the long and weighty discourse, which sent the younger members to sleep even upon the hard seats of the high-backed pews, Tom was contemplating the side view of his sweetheart's pretty head, with a mingled desire to shake her and kiss her, as one might a naughty but lovable child. When he drove the cutter in the afternoon, it was not chance that took him by the Wilcox place. He longed to be within those hospitable walls, to join in the games that he knew were going on, with the chance, perhaps, for a moment to hold that nymph-like figure in his arms, or get one good look into those willful, dancing eyes. It would have been easy enough to go in; but Tom was a Spartan, and crushed down such weak desires. And Sue looked out, and hoped against hope that he would come in, and was gayer than ever in all the games, and sang as lightly as a bird in the songs that were started when Cousin Abby Alcott sat down to the melodeon, and was very wretched underneath, and altogether, it was anything but a thankful Thanksgiving to both of them.

Fate, however, often mocks us gen-

tly before offering us a favor. Cousin Reuben Alcott, an elderly man, and cautious as to his chronic enemy, the rheumatism, began to worry over the continued storm. Finally he disappeared, and held a long consultation with Mr. Wilcox; and as Tom Kellogg came by for the second time on his road home the two hailed him, and brought him in, covered with snowflakes, his eyes bright and his cheeks flushed with the cold. Sue felt her cheeks flush, too, with irrefragable joy; but she assumed entire carelessness.

"I was just a-sayin' that 'twas too stormy for me'n Abby to drive home to-night, Sue; so we'll stay over till to-morrow," announced Cousin Reuben. "Tom Kellogg, here, 'll take you home, fer it's on his road, 'nd I guess you won't mind swappin' us old folks fer a young beau!" Cousin Reuben cracked at his own joke, and the rest joined in. Sue and Tom laughed, too, but hardly with effusion. There is nothing more serious than a love affair to those concerned. It seemed to both of them that the next hour or so would never be over. The games were all done by this time, but singing was still in order, and the unlimited consumption of nuts, apples and cider, before the gathering finally broke up. The storm gradually ceased howling and sank away to a calm, so that when the good-bys had all been said, and the various teams were being harnessed, the sky was almost clear, and only a few drifting clouds obscured the stars.

Tom was so afraid that Cousin Reuben might reconsider that he brought the colts and cutter up before the rest of the teams were ready. The colts was prancing and eager; Sue, well wrapped in shawls and hood, was tucked in hurriedly; Tom jumped in, and they were off. Sue gave a little sigh of relief in the depths of her hood, for she had been afraid of Cousin Reuben, too. And yet, now that she was safely beside her lover, her old tormenting spirit rose within her, and she resolved she would not make a sign, after all.

The colts forged ahead through the feathery, piled-up snow. On each side the world stretched glittering and cold under the frosty stars. The keen air brought the blood to the cheeks, and stirred every pulse of life to the rhythm of the dancing bells on the harness. Tom sat upright as a statue, looking neither to the right nor the left. Sue waited two minutes for him to speak—five—ten. They would be at home in half an hour. He expected her to begin, and she never could—and she must—and it was very unkind of him—and he was right—and oh, she couldn't! Having arrived at this point, two big tears rolled down her cheeks, and she said, in a very trembling voice: "Tom!"

Tom, who had felt his resolution slipping away from him momentarily, and whose heart was one ache of tenderness toward the willful little bundle of shawls at his side, turned rapturously, with a jerk. The colts felt the rein slacken, seized his opportunity, shifted wildly at a fallen branch whose twisted blackness stood threateningly upon the fresh snow—and, in his swaying rush, turned the cutter over, and threw both of the occupants into the nearest snowdrift. Then he trotted peaceably down the road toward home.

To be shot headfirst into a snowbank is confusing. Exactly what happened, Sue never knew; but the first thing she found herself doing, when she came to her clear senses, was holding on very tight to Tom, and asking him, tenderly and incoherently, if he was hurt. And Tom was laughing. "I'd be willing to have every bone in my body broken, Sue, to know that you care so much!" he whispered, and caught her so close in his strong arms that she was quite reassured as to his safety.

Above them the last cloud had drifted out of the sky. The broad, starlit azure arched over their heads with a friendly clearness and calm. Faintly, yet drawing nearer, came the chiming bells of another sleigh, far down the road. And, sitting in the snowdrift, the lovers kissed each other, and never even knew that it was cold.—Priscilla Leonard, in N. Y. Independent.

PROPHETIC.



"Coming events cast their shadows before."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Reasons for Thanksgiving. Thanksgiving for the day that brings our harvest home of blessing; Thanksgiving for the love that sings over us its fond caressing; Thanksgiving for a loving glance still rests upon us kindly; Thanksgiving that, with looks askance, some joys have passed us kindly; Thanksgiving that our harvest food has justly been divided; Thanksgiving that the turkey good by custom is provided; Thanksgiving that life's jangled chime with happier notes is blending; Thanksgiving that in course of time all troubles have an ending.—Detroit Free Press.

Fate of Scotch Kings. Of 73 historic kings of Scotland 61 are said to have died in battle or to have been murdered.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Very Appropriate.—Miss Spokes—"What shall we have for our club colors?" Mr. Pedalman—"I guess black and blue will be all right."—Judge.

—Danger in the Hallroom.—"What a beastly cold you've got, Sam! Where did you get it?" "It's not a cold; it's hay-fever. I got it dancing with that grass widow the other night."—Punch.

—A Side Interest.—"Where is your son Robert?" "He's the left half-back of the Cornsack football team." "Then he's attending college?" "Yes, incidentally."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

—Modernized.—"Our clergyman forgot himself this morning." "W did he do?" "He asked the congregation to sing that good old hymn 'From Klondike's Joy Mountains.'"—Chicago Record.

—An Incomplete Library.—"Yes," murmured the dialect poet, "I find books in the running brooks." "What a pity it is," responded Miss Cayenne, "that there aren't a few spelling books among them."—Washington Star.

—A Useful Art.—"Of course," said one old farmer to the other, "your boy is learnin' Latin and Greek at college, but is he gettin' anything practical?" "Oh, yes. In the last letter he writ he tells me he is takin' lessons in fencin'."—Detroit Free Press.

—Do you mean to say, asked the visitor, in horror, "that the gentleman was shot for simply rising and making a motion during a meeting of your debating society?" "Suttinly," said the colonel, "but you must remember, sah, that the motion he was called down on was made in the direction of his hip pocket, sah."—Detroit Free Press.

—Judge—"You admit that you entered the house of the prosecuting witness by the door at two o'clock in the morning?" "Prisoner—" "Yes, your honor." Judge—"What business did you have there at that time of night?" "Prisoner—" "I thought it was my own house." Judge—"Then why did you, when this lady approached, leap through the window, jump into the elsetra, and hide yourself?" "Prisoner—" "Your honor, I thought it was my wife."—Truth.

THE HIGHEST WATERFALL.

The Silver Thread's Leap Into the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone.

On the south side of the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone river, is one of the highest, if not the highest, waterfalls in this country. It is called the Silver Thread, and falls as near as can be calculated, 1,500 feet. The descent is not perpendicular, but it is so near it that it is hard to believe that the water does not fall straight down, when viewed from across the canyon. The water comes from a mountain stream which has no name. It flows in a northerly direction towards the canyon from the foot hills of the Absaroka range of mountains. Its entire route is through dense forests until it reaches the very edge of the canyon. Then it plunges downward with a roar in keeping with its size, and keeps dropping and dropping until the Yellowstone river below is reached, 1,500 feet from the brink.

As stated before, the descent is not perpendicular, but it is very near it. The walls of the canyon at that particular place are very rugged, and this little stream has worn almost a straight channel down through the rocks. The water dashes downward at a very slight angle, practically turning neither to the right nor the left. In several places a rock, not as yet worn away, breaks the steady fall of water, forming a slight cascade. These cascades do not cause a real break in the descent of the water, so practically the falls of the Silver Thread are the highest in the world.

The name given these falls is very appropriate. They cannot be seen but from the brink of the south side of the canyon, which is almost a mile wide there. Although this waterfall is 15 feet wide from top to bottom, it does not appear to be more than a couple of inches wide from the point of observation. The walls of the canyon where these falls occur are below the vivid colorations, and are of dark brown. The water looks like a silver thread or ribbon stretched from the brink of the canyon to the water below, hence the name, Silver Thread.—Hartford (Conn.) Times.

Its Glory Has Departed.

In the days of its prosperity Bath, Me., had almost five miles of busy ship yards. The town had never done anything else for a living than to build and sail ships, but it prospered in that. Thirty or more years ago its harbor was always filled with shipping, and its streets were busy with trade. But there has been a steady decline since the end of the war, and a vivid exemplification of the decay in American shipping. At present not one wooden vessel is being built in the town, and there is not a vessel intended for the merchant marine on the way. Old ship owners are selling their vessel property as fast as they are able to do so, and putting their money into other things that pay better interest, and unless some change is quickly made in the economic conditions of the country affecting shipping, it is evident that Bath and a great many other towns of the same character will be compelled to go out of the business of building ships.—N. Y. Post.

The Index to Jerusalem.

During the past few years nearly 150,000 Hebrews have entered Jerusalem, and the arrival of another host is said to be imminent. Already the railways are opening the country between the coast and Jerusalem and Damascus, and a Hebrew migration on a large scale may cause Syria to become once more of vast importance in the east.—N. Y. Sun.

He Must Have Descended.

Lord Foranheim—I can trace my descent from John Milton. How's that for a descent?

Miss Milllyans—It's a great descent, sure enough.—N. Y. Journal.

Ringing Noises

Troubled for Years With Catarrh, But Now Entirely Cured.

"I was troubled for years with catarrh, which caused ringing noises in my ears and pains in the back of my head. I was advised to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I did so and a few bottles entirely cured me." HENRY MCKINSTRY, Laporte, Iowa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—In fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills cure indigestion, biliousness.

PARROTS HAD THE LAUGH.

Instructor of Infants Meets Difficulties in the Park Zoo.

She was a prim, close-fitted looking young woman in a dark dress, and as she walked through the Lincoln park zoo with a body-guard of ten mild little girls explaining matters generally, the monkeys yawned and murmured with that "thunk-thunk" sound which is the only language they know.

Kindergarten before the parrot's cage, adjusted her eyeglasses on her classic nose, and prepared to enlighten the innocent mind of youth.

"These are parrots, girls. Mamie may spell parrot." "P-a-r-r-o-t," spelled one of the small maidens.

"Rot," Mamie, rot, rot," said the fair Minerva, serenely.

"Rot, Mamie, rot, rot, rot," yelled the little gray parrot that laughs, and a sympathetic chorus took up the refrain. Minerva reddened, and the maidens giggled.

"How annoying!" she went on. "These birds, girls, have the power of articulation and if carefully instructed are capable of almost perfect enunciation; but while possessing this gift of mimicry, they have no reason to guide the import of their utterances, consequently are unable to converse intelligently, being simply echoes so far as speaking is concerned."

The big green and red parrot stood on another log and eyed Minerva with microscopic scrutiny.

"You understand," she continued, "they have no mind, and consequently no personality. When discovered in their natural state they are as other birds; but upon being associated with human beings they rapidly acquire the use of the peculiarly shaped larynx, which, as science tells us, enables them to articulate their utterances, and pronounced at the time of protoplasm."

But Polly felt ill with half-penny repentment.

"O, rats!" he broke out. "You ain't so nice."

And the gray parrot laughed in diabolical glee as the kindergarteners were hastily led to where the canaries warbled.—Chicago Tribune.

R. & O. Improvements Completed.

The improvements on the Main Line of the Baltimore and Ohio, west of, and between Martinsburg, W. Va., and North Mountain, have been completed. The improvements cover a distance of nearly four miles, starting three miles west of Martinsburg, and extending some distance west of Myers Hole, which is near the North Mountain station. At Myers Hole the line was changed, taking out some very objectionable curvature, and the double-raised nearly five feet, eliminating two grades of 45 feet per mile, which came to a total of 90 feet, and substituting therefor an almost level track. This point on the road has always been a dangerous one, and many freight wrecks have occurred there. Apart from doing away with the dangerous feature of two sharp down grades coming together, as was the case in this instance, the saving in operation of the road by the change will be very large, as it enables the tons per train to be greatly increased and reduces the liability of accident to the minimum. At tables the road had been lowered about 15 feet, at the same time and reducing the rate of grades at these points from 45 feet per mile to 10 feet per mile, thus increasing the cars that can be hauled per train. Though these improvements have cost quite a sum of money, the expenditure is fully justified by the great saving in operation.

Society Note.

Nellie Chaffie tried very hard to get some conversation out of young Chawhooper, but he answered in monosyllables. At last, hearing violin playing in the next room, she asked:

"Do you play the violin?"

"No; that's a fellow in the next room," he said, with a sudden outburst of loquacity.—N. Y. World.

Great Expectations.

Pauline—If I marry you you will agree not to do anything to displease me!

Ten Broke—Certainly. If I marry you I don't expect to do anything at all.—N. Y. Journal.

THE TURN OF LIFE

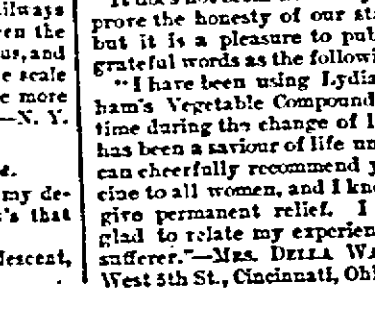
Is the most important period in a woman's existence. Owing to modern methods of living, not one woman in a thousand approaches this perfectly natural change without experiencing a train of very annoying and sometimes painful symptoms.

Those dreadful hot flashes, sending the blood surging to the heart until it seems ready to burst, and the faint feeling that follows, the chills, as if the heart were going to stop for good, are symptoms of a dangerous nervous trouble. Those hot flashes are just so many calls from nature for help. The nerves are crying out for assistance. The cry should be heeded in time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was prepared to meet the needs of woman's system at this trying period of her life.

The Vegetable Compound is an invigorating strengthener of the female organism. It builds up the weakened nervous system and enables a woman to pass that grand change triumphantly.

It does not seem necessary for us to prove the honesty of our statements, but it is a pleasure to publish such grateful words as the following:

"I have been using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for some time during the change of life and it has been a saviour of life unto me. I can cheerfully recommend your medicine to all women, and I know it will give permanent relief. I would be glad to relate my experience to any sufferer."—MRS. DELLA WATSON, 324 West 5th St., Cincinnati, Ohio.



MY VICTIM.

BY HELEN BECKMAN.

IF ROSS had one fault, it was jealousy; and, as that arose from his intense love for me, I rather enjoyed toying with the flame, little dreaming of its latent slumbering depths. It was long ere he could win from me the promise to become his wife. I felt so sure of him. I knew my power so well, that I could not resist the temptation to watch smile and frown successfully chase each other away on his handsome face at my bidding. But one evening, just as he was about to set sail on a short voyage, sudden thought of how dull and purposeless the days would be without him brought quick tears to my eyes as we stood together upon the sands, which he had caught sight of before I had time to dash them away. In an instant his arms were about my waist, and I was pressed close to his fast-beating heart. "My darling!" he said, in intense, passionate tones. "Thank God for those tears which betray the woman's heart you would still have hidden from me. My own, you love me, you love me. Deny it if you can." And I, with coquetry and art forgotten, knowing only that to be thus conquered was sweeter far than any victory, answered back: "I love you."

"Remember, Rita," he said, a few hours later, when the moon had risen high in the heavens, and he was about to leave me at my mother's door, "you are now my promised wife. Promise me that in the future you will never try my love as in the past. No man now has a right to one smile, one tender word." "No one shall have them, Ross," I replied. "You will have the most demure little wife in the whole country."

"And the loveliest," he answered, proudly. "Oh, Rita, there will not be a night during all the long weeks of my absence that I shall not live over these hours, shall not picture you getting ready for my return, and the new life we are then to begin together."

The next morning at daybreak Ross' ship sailed out of the harbor. Standing in my window, I saw the white sails grow less and less in the distance, until they vanished from my sight, when I hid my tired, strained eyes upon my pillow and sobbed myself again to sleep. No one knew of my engagement but mother. I did not want to give the gossip chance for talk, but as the days sped on I sang pines over my work, for each day brought nearer his return and my wedding morn.

He was a gentleman who had come down for a week's fishing on our coast. His own yacht was lying off the harbor, and he cruised here and there at will. Something in me awoke that which I thought buried in an eternal sleep, when his eyes rested admiringly on mine. He belonged to a different world from any in which I had moved, and he fascinated, even while at deeper feeling was dormant. My heart never wavered in its loyalty to Ross, but I silenced my conscience when night after night brought Mr. Arden to our cottage, or the same moon which had waned and faded since Ross had left me now lighted our two figures as we strolled idly upon the sands, by looking down on the golden cinder which spanned my finger, and repeating again and again to myself that I was true to my troth. Sometimes a distant figure would waken a sudden nervous dread as to how Ross would receive my own plausible theories should be suddenly appear before us, but what could he expect? I was not yet his wife. It was absurd that time should hang so heavily on my hands during his absence. Mother shook her head when books, flowers and music graced our little parlor with their presence, but a kiss ere chased away mother's frown, when I sealed by telling her how soon now I would be Ross' wife, and then how narrow would be my little world. It was almost time to look for his return. The gossip I knew would have plenty to tell him, but I would confess my fault, and I feared not I should find forgiveness. Would I find it as easy a matter with Mr. Arden? His manner was growing warmer and more love-like, but I knew he could never stoop from his high position to me, and so I let my conscience sleep.

Three months had passed since I had watched with fearful eyes Ross' ship sail down the harbor, when one evening Mr. Arden came for me to go down upon the beach. We had thrown ourselves fully upon the sand, for the weather was still warm, when he drew a velvet-covered case from his pocket. The gifts he had offered me, though brought from a great distance and at heavy expense, had been such I had had no hesitation in accepting, but anything of real value I felt I could not allow him to give me.

"Rita," he said, "here is something I wish you to accept in remembrance of the many pleasant hours we have spent together, something that will recall them to your memory when I am gone." Then, touching the spring, the case flew open and a bracelet of exquisite workmanship was revealed.

"Oh, how lovely!" I exclaimed. "But, indeed, Mr. Arden, I cannot take it." "Not as a farewell gift from a friend?" he said. "Listen, Rita! I have not dealt quite fairly with you, child. I am going home to be married. That your fresh young beauty has come nearer my heart than anything I have known in years I will not deny, but my word is plighted to another and I must redeem it. Will you not accept this little pledge as an assurance to me that I have worked you no real harm?"

One moment's keen, wounded pride rose within me. I had thought this man loved me. What if he had really won my heart! What, then, would be my merited punishment? But had I not done even as he? Could I take up the stone to throw at him? In that minute

all my fealty to Ross returned, and I knew how I had wronged him. "We are quits, Mr. Arden," I answered lightly, yet proudly. "I do not know what better assurance to give you than to inform you of my own engagement, which is only waiting my lover's return from sea to be ratified. Therefore, with many thanks, I will decline your beautiful offering."

My words had hit the mark. He had not expected a little country girl to meet him upon equal ground, and a dark flush overspread his handsome face. Then his own generous nature conquered as he said:

"At least, Miss Rita, I may proffer this as a wedding gift."

As such I felt I could not refuse it, but he went on:

"Only one thing I ask, that I myself may place it on your arm."

Then, taking it up, he slipped it upon her wrist, where it fastened with a tiny padlock, which he locked with a golden key, placing the latter in his pocket. "You see you will wear my chains while you live," he said, with hidden earnestness, "and I shall have only this in memory," holding up the key for one moment, then pressing his lips upon it and again consigning it to its hiding place.

I was still sitting where he had left me. It was early in the evening, and I had refused to go back to the house, when some one whose footfall I had not heard stood before me. Glancing up, the moon's rays fell full on Ross' face. With a glad cry of delight I sprang to my feet, but, white and stern and still, he waited me back.

"I have been home one hour," he said quietly. "It seems to me a year. I was told you were here with your lover. Where is he that may share the congratulations I have come to offer you?"

"Ross!" I said, "what do you mean? Have you no welcome for me?"

"Welcome!" he exclaimed, "and where is mine? The star to which my yearning eyes have all these months been turned."

"Ross, you have heard falsely. Do not be so cold, so stern to little Rita. Have you not a kiss for me?"

My tearful tone had melted him. A great wave of tenderness swept over his face. Almost had his arm unfolded to receive me and let me sob out my confession on his heart, when his glance fell on the bracelet clasping my arm.

Again the tiger in him leaped to bay. "And what is this?" he said, fiercely. "This token of your falsehood that you dare flaunt in my sight. It is like a woman. They would murder with a smile. Do you know that I too could murder? Yes, your very youth, your very beauty, I could crush as the flower beneath my heel. Take off that bangle and fling it into the sea!"

"I cannot, Ross," I said. "It is locked. He has the key."

"Curse him!" he muttered. "Then it is to him I must look. He has locked it, but by the heavens above I will unlock it, if it gets the key I have to strangle him." And, leaving me stunned, hopeless, wretched where I stood, he strode away.

As I lay wakeful, pale and repentant, next morning, my mother entered my room with an awful pallor on her face. I think before she opened her lips I knew all, knew that Ross—my lover, my promised husband—was a murderer, and that my soul must stand with his at the bar of God to answer for the deed. The two men had met the night before—once roused to frenzy, the other refusing to answer to threats when reason might have prevailed. There was a blow, an answering blow, a scuffle as to the possession of a tiny golden key. Ross had gained it, when, throwing his opponent from him he had struggled one moment on the edge of the cliff, then fallen heavily into the sea beneath. From his prison cell Ross sent me the key. With a dull, heavy misery I unlocked the golden thing which had wrought such evil, and sat down to live through the dark days of my lover's trial. It was very short, and each hour was bringing it to its close. There could be little doubt of the verdict. He had murdered one man. I had murdered two!

On the last day of his trial I roused from my apathy to write him the whole unswerving truth.

"I took it as my wedding gift, Ross," I said in closing. "You may believe me now, since all my life is wrecked, nor have I sinned from it even your love."

The jury were out deliberating. Ross' life was in their hands. This was the one ever-present torturing thought when a great shout broke the oppressive stillness. What could it mean? I knew not, and dared not hope, until—until the messenger of the glad tidings came to us. The trial had come to an unforeseen termination. The grave had given up its dead. Ross Arden's fall had not killed him, but picked up by a passing boat he had returned to wreak the noble revenge of striking off his enemy's fetters. All this I heard in a dream, then the waves of unconsciousness engulfed me and I knew no more. For long weeks I lived over in delirium the tragic scenes which had so lately encompassed me, but when life and reason were restored the flush, not only of health, but happiness, came back to my cheek with the low whispered words with which Ross told me of his forgiveness.—N. Y. Ledger.

It makes a difference.

She was so happy when her engagement was announced that her friends could not refrain from commenting upon it.

"You used to assert with great emphasis," they said to her, "that you gloried in your independence."

"Yes," she replied. "That was before I had the privilege of being dependent upon the right kind of a man."

There are lots of people who like to give the opinion that a necessity is a privilege.—Chicago Post.

—Mrs. Catherine Wattle, of Onaker town, Pa., is 107 years old, and can tread a needle without glasses.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—The smallest horse in the world is a Shetland pony owned by the Marchese Carcano, in Milan. It is 21 inches high, and when standing beside its owner the pony's back is only an inch above his knee.

—In Bucharest, Roumania, women perform some of the severest forms of labor. They mix the mortar and carry it, as well as the bricks, to the topmost stories of buildings in course of construction.

—In some of the European art galleries the dust is removed from the paintings and statuary by means of an air pump, a jet of air being thrown with great force against the article which needs dusting.

—Alexander B. Bell, who recently died in Augusta county, Va., was one of five brothers who together had 19 sons. All of the 19 fought in the late war as members of Capt. Cushing's company of the Fifth Virginia regiment, Stonewall brigade.

—An anarchist society in Italy secretly decrees the death of ten rich men every month, so that their wealth will be scattered among poor hands. The dread of death, the anarchists claim, will make the rich less pompous and more generous.

—In Buda-Pesth, Hungary, the electric cars run underground in clean, airy and well-lighted tunnels. They start and stop gradually, without a jerk. It is a comfort to ride in them, and they never run over people, for pedestrians are not permitted in the tunnels.

—The Rhind manuscript, deciphered some 20 years ago, a hieratic papyrus now in the British museum, written by an Egyptian priest, Ahmes, about 1700 B. C., is the oldest intelligible mathematical work extant. Another and older roll on a mathematical subject exists, but has not yet been deciphered.

—Paris has, apart from two places where paupers can spend the night, 11 asylums for the homeless, which last year lodged 144,037 persons, of whom 15,537 were women and 2,606 children. Among the lodgers were 216 professors and teachers, 18 students, 5 authors, 3 journalists, 120 actors and singers, 30 musicians, 16 music teachers, etc.

FASHION NOTES.

Seasonable Items About Dress for the Ladies.

A curious caprice is that which was followed out at a recent wedding, when the maid of honor wore a dress of pink chiffon trimmed with black velvet. Black is seldom worn at weddings. There is a superstition that it is unlucky, except for the quite elderly ladies of the families, but latterly a disposition has been shown to introduce black velvet into wedding outfits, especially as a trimming material.

A stylish bit of headgear for a miss is of blue, this felt made over a frame and piped at the edge of the brim with velvet. The trimming is of rolls of bias velvet, arranged in puffs and loops around the crown, a large cluster of flowers at one side, and a lace scarf, caught at intervals around the edge of the brim, complete the trimming.

An exquisitely pretty hat is made of velvet. The brim is moderately wide, rolled up at one side and completely covered on the upper side with thick ostrich plumes. Ends of the plumes fall over each side of the brim at the back, and upright feathers are supported against one side of the crown.

An autumn hat is of braid made of felt. The brim is wide and slightly rolled up at the sides; the trimming is an enormous fan made of loops of velvet ribbon, lapping one against another. On either side of this fan are thick, heavy plumes that droop slightly over the sides of the hat.

Specially handsome and becoming are the dancing dresses of crepe-de-Chine. They are made up over silk and are trimmed in the most elaborate fashion with ribbons, ruffles, ruchings and lace.

—N. Y. Ledger.

AUTUMN JELLIES.

Directions for Preparing Quinces, Grapes and Wild Plums.

The three autumn jellies advisable for housekeepers to make are quince, grape and wild plum—the last named being finer for game than any jelly made. The method of making, after the juice is procured, is the same for all. Measure the juice and boil for 20 minutes; add a pint of granulated sugar which has been heated in the oven for each pint of the juice, and as soon as it is thoroughly dissolved skim and fill into tumblers, each having in it a silver spoon to prevent cracking. Jelly so made will never fail.

To procure the quince juice just cover the parings and cores left from the preserved fruit (from which all stems and defective parts have been left out) with cold water; boil until soft, mash and drain. An equal weight of tart apples may be added and cooked with the parings.

The point in grape jelly is to have the grapes at their best stage, which is just when they are red, before turning purple. Ripe grapes, of course, can be made into jelly, but it is not nearly so fine a flavor or color. Stem the grapes, add a pint of water to six quarts, heat slowly (mashing them), and boil gently until all the juice is freed; strain. Wild grapes make a fine jelly. The wild plums must be covered with cold water, brought to a boil, cooked to a soft mass, and strained.—Chicago Tribune.

It Didn't Work.

Jim Jackson (who is seeking gently to break his engagement)—Oh, how you know, Miss Johnson, dat I chews, drinks, smokes, swears, plays craps, pukes an' polly, strals chickens, nevah pays mah debts, Joan bilere in de Bible, an' mah gadder wuz hung fo' murder.

Josie Johnson (restrainingly)—O Jim! you doan know how happy you makes me; to tink dat I've gwine to get such a honest man fo' a husband!—Luck.

AN AMBITIOUS GIRL.

From the New Era, Greenburg, Ind.

This paper recently received information that the tiny girl daughter of Mr. M. Lybolt, of Hartsville, Ind., had been cured of a severe illness. The case seemed more than an ordinary one, and consequently a special representative was sent to investigate.

The little girl, who is now living about two miles southwest of Hartsville, when the reporter called Mr. and Mrs. Lybolt and their daughter in question, Louise, were at home, also the other three children. Louise is the oldest. She had been going to school for four years, and was formerly in very good health, but for the past year or more she had been ill.

A year ago the present winter it was noticed that she was breaking down in health. For a time the cause could not be ascertained, but it was finally decided that it was from over study. It has always been so possible for the girl to be anxious to graduate from the common branches early, and to enter a college of music, which her parents promised she could do as soon as she should finish the common branches.

How many children by diligent study to acquire their own means of living, and how many of them in this case. The child studied hard all day and often far into the night, and had won the respect and admiration of her teacher and of all the school by her aptness, and rapid learning.

For some time Louise experienced an indisposition, which she would not make known to her parents, for fear they would have her remain from school. Her headache soon became unendurable, and was noticed by her teacher. She had by this time grown pale and weak.

One day she became suddenly sick at school, and was taken home.

For several weeks she suffered from a fever, and the physicians could not rally her. A neighbor urged them to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which they finally did with splendid results. Louise began to get better at once, and in perfect health to day, and able to re-enter school.

"What you have written is true," said Mrs. Lybolt. "I don't think Louise would have recovered had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. She is in perfect health to day, and able to re-enter school."

"We are using these pills in our family when we need medicine, and find that they do more good than doctors' medicines, and they are not nearly so expensive. I would be glad to recommend them to any one who is sick, and especially recommend them in any case similar to Louise's."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as leucorrhea, ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, hysteria, neuritis, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of a gripe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female. These pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N.Y.

Where the Mix-Up Occurred.

Judge—Now tell me how you came to get mixed up in this altercation.

Pat—Altercation is it? And what altercation do you mean?

Pat—An altercation with an alteration with this man here, were you not?

"Not a bit of it. I've been in no altercation with nobody."

Then how did you get those black eyes and that broken nose?

"Oh, them! He called me a liar."

"Why did you call him a liar?"

"Well, he said he was mixed up in an altercation with him."

"No, sir, I wasn't mixed up in no altercation with him. There was no altercation in sight. We was mixed up in the middle of the road."—Cleveland Leader.

Key to the Klondike.

The Pioneer Alaska Railway is the Northern Pacific, and to that company belongs the credit in connection with the Pacific Coast Steamship Co., of having inaugurated the sale of through tickets to points in Alaska. The Northern Pacific was the first railway to issue a map of Alaska showing the inland passage from Puget Sound to Sitka, Juneau and Kodiak.

The intended route to Alaska early next spring. After the snows on the Dyce and Skagway passes are packed down and the lakes frozen, or at a later date, either via this route or via St. Michaels and the mouth of the Yukon, should remember that the Northern Pacific is the pioneer Alaska line; runs stream-lined trains with dining cars, Pullman Standard and Tourist Sleepers from St. Paul to Tacoma, Seattle and Portland; passengers having the option of going via Helena or Butte City (the latter the greatest silver mining camp in the world); via Lake Fork, D'Oreille, Idaho, or through the famous Coeur d'Alene country.

We have issued an illustrated folder, replete with Alaska and Klondike information up to date. Send Chas. S. Fee, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn., your order for postage and he will forward you this map.

Wherein Nobbleton Shows Sense.

"My friend Nobbleton," said Mr. Tanlely, "is overcautious about many things, but in many ways he shows great common sense."

For instance: He always carries with him postal cards, and he is quick to address one if he is suddenly called away anywhere—and his business is such that he is liable to be at any time—he puts a word or two on one of his postal cards and puts it in the nearest letter box. He may not have time to stop and write or to telegraph, but he can send a line to drop the postal card, and it gives the minds of the folks at home. In this I think Nobbleton shows sense."—N. Y. Sun.

Shake Into Your Shoes.

Allen's Foot-Powder, a powder for the feet. It cures itching, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It is the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Powder makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous, hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to day. Send for a trial package and find out how it shakes the minds of the folks at home. In this I think Nobbleton shows sense."—N. Y. Sun.

The Cares of Office.

Wearry Watkins—They kin all run fer office that wants it, but none of it fer me. I've been there. The responsibility broke down my nerves.

Hungry Higgins—What office did you ever run?

"I wuz dog catcher."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Golden Mean.

New Minister—I propose to hold old Mr. Jolly last up to scorn.

Old Minister—Don't go too far, my boy.

"What would you suggest, then?"

"I'm—suppose you hold him up, merely."—Puck.

We should call learning to ride a bicycle in the hot sun, work.—Washington Democrat.

1000 HENNED \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dread disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address J. C. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, etc.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Advice That Failed.

"Yes," said the millionaire, pompously, "it's the taking care of the little things that makes a man rich. Remember that, my friend."

"Well," said the other, hopelessly, "I've been taking care of trims, triplets and twines for a good while, and I seem to be getting poorer all the time."—N. Y. Journal.

A Big Regular Army.

The mightiest host of this sort is the army of invalids whose lowly, lives and stomachs have been recruited by Dr. J. C. Cheney's Stomach Bitters. A regular habit of body is brought about through using the Bitters, not by violently agitating and gripping the intestines, but by reinforcing their energy and causing a flow of the bile into its proper channel. Malaria, la grippe, dyspepsia, and a tendency to inactivity of the kidneys, are conquered by the Bitters.

She—I hear you have just got married; it is too late to offer congratulations! He—"Oh, yes; I was married three weeks ago."

—Tit Bits.

Where? Have pains and aches everywhere. Cured by St. Jacobs Oil—they're nowhere.

We are liable to be most miserable expecting troubles that never come.

The weather seems delightful when Rheumatism is cured by St. Jacobs Oil.

The office never gets left when it starts out to seek the man.—Chicago News.

A quickstep. Step out when St. Jacobs Oil quickly cures your lameness.

A cat's heaven would have to be full of mice.—Ram's Horn.

At Harvard.

The Old Man—Well, how are you getting on with your work, George?

The Young Man (who is on the football team)—Out of sight! If we don't throw Yale down this year, I'm a lobster.—Up-to-Date.

Why Is Star Pines Tobacco the Best?

Because it is made from selected stock of the best grade of leaf that grows. The ingredients used in its manufacture are absolutely pure—nothing injurious to the system enters into it.

Merely Wondered.—"Was there any frost last night?" "I think not. Why do you ask?" "I merely wondered whether next year's peach crop had been destroyed already."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free trial bottle and treatise. Dr. Kline, 631 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Nothing tries a fellow's patience more than to find all the windows locked when he tries to raise them suddenly in the morning.—Washington Democrat.

Pink's Cure for Consumption has no equal as a cough medicine.—F. M. Abbott, 231 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y., May 9, 1894.

"At Newport, And you?" First Ocean Wave.—Atlantic City. I have no crest, you see."—Detroit Journal.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

A person looking out for old people always makes a good impression.—Washington Democrat.

How My Throat Hurts!—Why don't you use Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar? Like's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

What the fox lacks in legs, he has to make up in cunning.—Ram's Horn.

Surprised? Why? A very bad sprain cured by St. Jacobs Oil. A sure result.

A large head may be as empty as a last year's bird's nest.—Ram's Horn.

Gone surely when St. Jacobs Oil cures a bruise. Leaves no sign.

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"One of my children had croup. One night I was startled by the child's hard breathing, and on going to it found it struggling. It had nearly ceased to breathe. Having a part of a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, I gave the child three doses at short intervals, and anxiously waited results. From the moment the Pectoral was given the child's breathing grew easier, and in a short time it was sleeping quietly and breathing naturally. The child is alive and well to-day, and I do not hesitate to say that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved its life."

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